VOLUME LV CHICAGO, JUNE 22, 1905. NUMBER 17

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

READINGS AT THE DEDICATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE.

Selected by a Mother in Israel of All Souls Church.

The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence,—keep silence before him. O, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, fear before him all the earth.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him and bless his name, for the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting and his truth endureth to all generations.

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion, and unto thee shall our vows be performed.

Lord we have loved the habitation of thy house and the place where thine honor dwelleth.

The Lord's throne is in the heavens, his eyes behold; his eyelids try the children of men.

Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised in the City of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name; bring an offering and come into his courts; Open ye the gates that the righteous which keep the truth may enter in.

Enlarge the place of thy tent, stretch the curtains of thy habitation, spare not, set the standards nearer Zion.

But will God in very deed dwell on the earth? Behold! the Heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less this house which we have builded—for who in the heavens can be compared unto Thee, Lord, for Thy throne is established of old; Thou art from everlasting.

Yet have respect unto the prayers of thy Servant that thine eyes may be open toward this house, even this place of which Thou hast said:

"MY NAME SHALL BE THERE."

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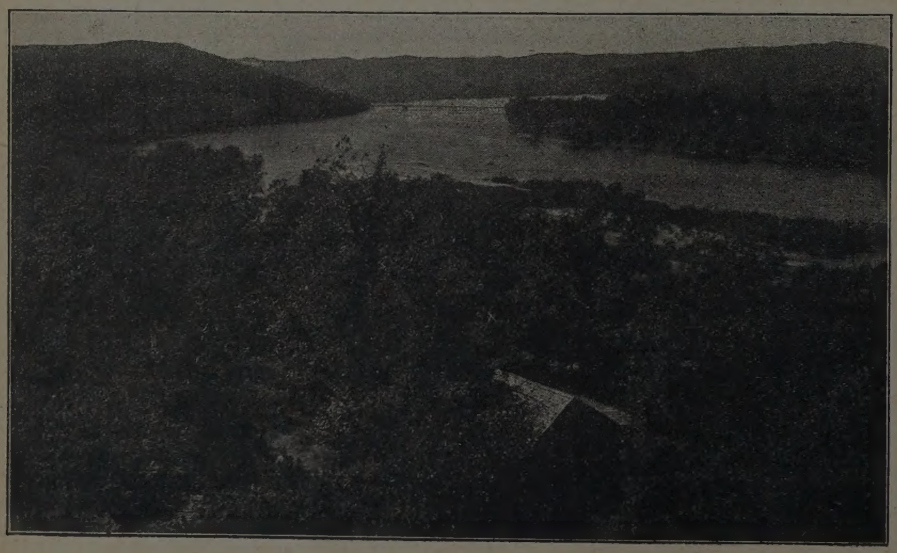
The science specialty for the season will be the insect life of the Hill.

For further particulars concerning the studies in religion and literature, address Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue, Chicago.



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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1905. NUMBER 17

This truth comes to us more and more the longer we live: that in what field or in what uniform or with what aims we do our duty, matters very little, or even what our duty is, great or small, splendid or obscure; only to find our duty certainly, and somewhere, somehow, to do it faithfully, makes us good, strong, happy and useful men, and tunes our lives into some feeble echo of the life of God.—Phillips Brooks.

"Fellowship" is the title of the monthly organ of the movement led by B. Fay Mills at Los Angeles and elsewhere. The June number contains an address by the editor on "The Secret of Japan's Victories," which, according to the preacher, is no secret at all. They triumphed by virtue of their singleness of purpose, determination of spirit and simplicity of life, which always and everywhere triumphs. So long as Japan is swayed by a common spirit and that spirit the spirit of progressive citizenship, she will continue to triumph in whatever she undertakes.

The *Pacific Unitarian* for June reprints entire the sermon by the senior editor of UNITY, published in the *Outlook* for May 13 on "The Decline of the Ministry." In an editorial comment on the same we find the following:

This magazine has more than once called attention to the distracting influences of clubs, lodges, and organizations of many names, which assume to furnish a substitute for the family church. Every one of them that has merit enough to justify its existence might be enrolled as a department of church life and work. But more and more men and women are learning that there is no substitute for that enlargement of the family, the corporate body of the neighborhood we know as the family church. This church, when wisely and lovingly administered, will be an ever-flowing fountain of good influences in the neighborhood where it is located.

The weekly bulletin of the Church of Our Father of Detroit, issued by the Pastor, Rev. Lee McCollester, generally has something to say beyond the announcements. A recent issue contains the following good advice against getting morbid:

If you do not guard against it, it is an easy thing to get into a morbid state; to imagine that people do not care for you, and to be over-sensitive, and to think slights and neglects are intended, when this is not the case. Your tears grow very quick, your heart is heavy, and you are a sorrow, not only to yourselves, but to every one around you. The cure for this state of mind is simple and practical. Busy yourself in making other people happy. If you have felt left out of a conversation because you did not know about the subjects being discussed, and the talker turned to someone who did know, do not draw away and feel hurt; forget yourself, and show an interest by attentive listening, or asking sensible questions. Putting yourself in somebody else's place is a good antidote against the heaviness which comes when you allow yourself to think you have been neglected.

And still the strike in Chicago drags its weary length along, both parties persisting doggedly in fighting it out to the bitter end regardless of their own or others' interests. The original issues involved have long since been lost sight of by both parties; it is simply a test now of endurance, and with this test come sickening revealments of debauchery and dishonesties. How much truth there is in the widespread charges of graft and bribes must be determined later by the courts. Meanwhile it is once more a timely reminder of the fact too often overlooked—that there can be no graft where there is no graftor and that for every boodler there is a boodlee. Shame on the leaders of labor who make and unmake strikes for pay! But shame, more shame on the prosperous houses, the respectable merchants, the self-sufficient millionaires who pay this money in order to avoid trouble and save business. It takes two to make a bargain and a disreputable bargain made argues low standards on both sides.

The commencement address at Tuskegee this year was delivered by Rabbi Messing of Montgomery, Ala. His subject was "The Toiler and the Citizen," and he found an apt text in the Talmud—"Love work; hate dominion, and do not mix too much with the government." The sermon has been pamphleted and makes good reading. The last clause of his text received the following comment:

"Do not mix too much with the government," meaning to say in the race of life, "Give your best." Don't seek for "snaps" or try to fill a position that any other man can fill as well as you. It is better to be a first-class man than a fourth-class postmaster. A young man, in search of employment found himself in the counting-room of a large establishment in the presence of the proprietor, who asked him many questions. Among other things he inquired of the young man if he had adopted a motto for his guidance through life. "I have," was the reply, "and I saw it on the door of this room as I entered." "What was that?" asked the merchant in surprise. "Push" was the prompt reply. Of course, the young man was engaged on the spot. But on the other side of the door over against the word "push" was written the word "pull," and the trouble with the most of the young men of today is that they have taken as their life motto the word "pull," and by virtue of the magic of that word, having landed in some soft political berth, they proceed to carry out the maxim of Petroleum Nasby, "In politics, it is well to do the right thing and be a good man, provided you don't commence doing right and being good too soon."

A federation of Christian churches is called for November 15-20 to meet at Carnegie Hall, New York. Delegates have already been appointed from twenty-one different denominations representing, according to the *Congregationalist*, 18,000,000 communicants. It is estimated that the conference will cost $18,000; $2,500 of this is asked for the Congregationalists. Prominence is given on the program to discussing questions of social order, religious education, home and foreign missions and the fellowships of faith. The editor confidently says: "It may be found possible to form a fed-

eration representing all Protestant denominations through which the churches may speak on moral and social subjects of national significance," which opinion we heartily endorse, remembering that probably the phrase "Protestant denominations" as yet carries with it an orthodox implication, and the heretical sects, Unitarians, Universalists and a few others, are supposed to be left on the outside. But the logic of the situation will bear this movement resistlessly forward until it includes the men and organizations who have a passion for ethics and a reverence for the religious forces as revealed in history and in the consciousness of the human soul. The word "Protestant" implies a limit where no limit exists, and the word "Christian" suggests a boundary to the boundless realms of love and good will. Let the church federation go on. Every step is one step nearer the goal of co-operation between those who are anxious to serve the cause of truth, righteousness and love.

The Unitarians have called their national conference to meet next September at Atlantic City. The Christian Register justifies this selection of place on the grounds that it is "the only place available where suitable accommodations can be had for a large number of delegates without going to some eastern city." It also adds that "to go to a western city would result in reducing the meeting to the size of our local conference." If number is the *sine qua non,* the decision is entirely wise, but if the ambition of the conference is to become really truly national and particularly missionary, it might be better for it to gather its 200 delegates of a truly national character in Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City or Denver than to gather its 2,000 delegates at a seaside resort on the Atlantic shore. It is a settled question that the Unitarians are good fellows; they always have a good time whenever they get together. It is also a settled question that they stand for culture, for refinement, for thought. The unsolved question is, Do they stand for the people, or rather, with the people and with the other churches and not against them in the interest of the humanities, the co-operations in the interest of civic righteousness, social betterment. The evils of today are not theological; the tyrannies of America are not ecclesiastical. The Unitarians hold no monopoly of advanced views concerning the higher criticism and other Bible topics. The world waits for a zeal that goes into the waste places and the far off corners with the message that expresses itself in a hand-clasp and a "how-do-you-do."

"A Cutting of the Watermelon."

We believe this is a technical phrase used to represent the declaring of dividends in corporations. Perhaps there is some mystical connection between the *water*-melon and the *water* in the stock that produced it. Be this as it may, it was an unique and joyous occasion celebrated at Leclaire last Saturday when the N. O. Nelson Company had its annual holiday and excursion. A long train of cars bore the 600 or more excursionists from the Union depot at St. Louis at one o'clock in the afternoon and about an hour later landed the party at Leclaire, which lies across the river in the state of Illinois 18 miles away from the dusty, and on this Saturday, very hot city. The shops were closed at Leclaire or rather were "open" for inspection and the visitors, associate workmen and invited guests were allowed to pass through under the guidance of expert committeemen to study the mysteries involved in the many departments of plumbing goods and sanitary outfits.

There was a leisurely hour to be spent on the attractive lawns of Leclaire while the local band discoursed sweet music. At three o'clock the "exercises" began. Mr. F. M. Crunden, the efficient librarian of the public library of St. Louis, presided and made the "opening address" after N. O. Nelson had preluded with his welcome and his statements. After Mr. Crunden, the editor of UNITY made his speech. Then there was some more leisurely rambling, culminating at last in a courteous disposal of a thousand or more people around the pavilion and the five o'clock dinner was served. There were barbecued meats, baskets of bread, piles of pickles and the necessary gallons of ice-cream dished out with the "largest scoop" in the market. Then, some more time being left before the train started, there was more speaking by the editor and others, and at sundown the long train started back; the editor made his connections for Chicago and was at his post at the Lincoln Centre in time to celebrate Flower Festival with the children and to say his ante-vacation word to the people who are just getting accustomed to the new place.

It is not our purpose to undertake to explain in this connection the delightful mysteries of N. O. Nelson's scheme. Profit-sharing, which has been a fixed feature of this company for fifteen years, is an intelligible proposition to the student of economics, but the latest innovation by which the head of the firm foregoes the future expansion of his fortune and is proceeding systematically to transfer his stock into the hands of the employes and customers of the company, is a more startling and inexplicable proposition. In due time we hope to print Mr. Nelson's address and perhaps something of the other addresses given at this picnic. Suffice it at this time to call attention to the prophetic quality of this holiday. Here was a veritable "Captain of Industry," one who while yet comparatively a young man, has risen from 'prentice boy and journeyman plumber to be the head of a great industry, who has preserved his comradeship with the men, who has made common cause with them in extra-business hours and on non-commercial lines. He has established the industrial community of Leclaire, converting what fifteen years ago was a wheat field into a pretty village with admirable water and sanitary provisions, with its club house and play grounds, and a school organized on most progressive lines. The employes, many of them, are house-builders and home-makers.

Here is a successful Captain of Industry who has been able to tend up to his mind while making a fortune; a reader of books, a close student of industrial, economic and social problems, a student if not a disciple of William Morris, Ruskin and Tolstoy, a companion spirit with the lamented "Golden Rule" Jones, a familiar guest at the Hull House, Chicago Commons and settlements east and west, and a man who in the high tide of success has come to a realizing sense that beyond a certain line wealth is a responsiblity, a charge, and that beyond a certain other line, which he has surveyed in his own life, wealth is a reproach and further amassing of it a crime.

All this while he has been a good husband, a loving father, content to live in a neat frame mansion of ample though modest proportions in the midst of his workmen without the encumbrances of coachman or butler.

One other thing was a marked feature of this picnic. Here were customers with their happy wives and pretty daughters mingling with true jollity with the men who made the stuff they dealt in. It was a pretty side show as the train was starting on the return to see a blithe bevy of sweet daughters of the plumbers begging the privilege of shaking hands with The Mr. Nelson and who as the train pulled out waved their cheers to "the Only N. O. Nelson." Here was a laboring men's picnic, refined, beyond rowdyism, from which was eliminated entirely the beer bottle and its accessories. Even the cigar was little in evidence and when it appeared assumed an apologetic attitude in the company of ladies and children.

Years ago the editor of UNITY went many miles to visit Altruria in California. When asked to speak he told the enthusiastic idealists that he had come to see them that he might the more intelligently preach their funeral sermon, which function he discharged right sadly some two years later. But Altruria like so many pioneers of the kind died from too much excellence. If at last Leclaire has come to prove that brotherliness is not necessarily fatal to business and that idealism in manufacture and commerce can show a balance on the right side of the ledger, the failures that have preceded are vindicated and the world may well take heart and new hope and push on.

The Word.

The Word Divine vouchsafed by God to man
  Is uttered through the years of many an age;
  And there are lips touched with the prophet's rage
To-day, as there have been since time began:
Not to a far-off patriarchal clan,
  To Idumean or Judean sage,
  Did God alone indite a sacred page
In narrow lands, 'twixt Beersheba and Dan.

God's voice is wandering now on every wind
  And speaks its message to the tuned ear;
    And here are holy groves and sacred streams;
On every hill are sacred altars shrined;
  And prophets tell their message now and here;
    Young men see visions and old men dream dreams.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

The Tenth General Meeting of the Congress of Religion.

May 31, Wednesday, 2 p. m.

MR. JONES—I rejoice with you in the omission of Dr. Barton's address this morning, for I think he will have a better hearing tomorrow. We have been invited to send delegates to the International Council of Unitarian and other Liberal Religious Workers that convenes in Geneva, Switzerland, on the last days of August. It so happens that David Starr Jordan, who has always been one of our members, and Miss Mary E. Hawley, the foreign correspondent of UNITY, are both to be there, and I move you, Mr. President, that David Starr Jordan, of California, and Miss Mary E. Hawley, of Chicago, be authorized delegates for this Congress of the International Council that is to meet in Switzerland on the last days of August.

DR. THOMAS—Now, friends, we are to have the great pleasure of hearing Brother Powell, of Clinton, N. Y., one of the clearest thinkers and writers of our age. He is to speak on "Social Reorganization."

See page 278.

DR. THOMAS—This address, friends, that we have listened to with so much satisfaction is to be followed by Mr. E. G. Routzahn, secretary of the Bureau of Civic Coöperation.

MR. ROUTZAHN—It would be folly for me to attempt to reconstruct or to reorganize this address that has been given, but I may be permitted to suggest a simple fact in answer to the question, What can I do about all this? Before answering that question may I give my own testimony, my own earnest appreciation of the splended privilege, the unequaled opportunity that is given us to live in this age and in this city. I would like to say in no other city in the world is there so much hope, notwithstanding some things that have already been referred to. How may we bring it about? There are certain things to read and study: You read UNITY, I hope; you may not always agree with it, but it has that splendid virtue of helping us to see things. Read also Nature Study and Life, by F. Hobbhouse. This would help us wonderfully in the schoolroom and in the home to bring about the simple life in its simplest form. Then we should have a program and policy, a book for each pastor, citizen, teacher, parent. In that book from day to day we will note the things that ought to be and the things that ought not to be in our homes in the city; things that ought to be repressed. As we look over this from time to time it will help us to clear up our perspective; we will change doctrines; we will move from one side to another; if we do that we will be able to see things in our daily experience; it will help us to understand the problems and to see the part we may play. Then so many do not know the organized groups about them and in how many ways they may be used; possibly do not know the things that are being done. Everyone who wants to help bring things to pass should study the organizations in their own neighborhood; at least we ought to understand what they are doing. We ought to get a larger view of the organizations in our city and in our nation. Those who are in positions of authority ought to know these things very thoroughly.

We should deepen our appreciation of social centers, the church, the school, the library, the neighborhood organization. The church in many ways is becoming socialized. The school is a revelation to those who remember it a generation ago, who understand all it is doing now. The library is doing a most wonder-

fully interesting service; so is the neighborhood organization that brings together all the people in that neighborhood, a small working one, in which people know each other, where interests are much in common. So it seems worth while to emphasize the fact that we ought to recognize these various activities that we may try to group our own with them. If we are interested in a lecture we should try to have that lecture given under the auspices of some organization that it may be cumulative in its effect. We will thus have unified our own community. The training in citizenship in the schools at the present time may be suggested by the position of the young man in the university, an enthusiastic football player, theoretically, who talks and thinks about it and has learned the rules, but when called to take a place in the game he realizes that he has never played it. So it is in preparing boys and girls to be men and women in the duties of life; they do not know the game of community life; they have learned something of the civic government, the rules of the city, State and nation; but how little are the rules. Yet we expect them to go out at twenty-one to vote and in that way get enough training to be good citizens. There is coming a new training in citizenship. It is putting into community life awakened interest, cultivation of observation; the boy and the girl are learning something in connection with their environment of the present time. And, then, a general grouping. We are getting familiar with the term "civic development;" it stands for things intangible. We are divided into many groups; we are divided by the river and by the churches, but we are crossing these lines for interests which we hold in common, the beauty and cleanliness of the city. So it has been found that there are some things in whose interests we can get together.

It is my own ideal and I am sure of all of us here that there shall be on all this the stamp of the church.

Dr. Thomas—We have as the next subject, "The Church of the Future in Its Relation to the Working People." The paper is to be presented by our excellent fellow citizen who has illustrated this work largely in practical form—Brother N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis. We shall be glad to hear this man who teaches by example as well as by word.

Mr. Nelson's address will be printed in another issue.

Mr. Ferguson—Mr. Chairman, I hesitate to dull the edge of what has been said. These are very remarkable speeches that we have been privileged to hear. The ideas in these speeches are the common heart; nine men out of ten think like that, but they do not know it. The ideas which have been thus expressed have been articulated almost for the first time, at least for the first time under such auspices as these, for the first time in a sitting which bespeaks the religious. These are big opportunities; strange things are coming to pass; what hath God wrought! Nobody has overstated the significance of this institution or its uniqueness or the omen of it. How remarkable that a scholar should come here, that a man of business, notable throughout the whole country, should come here and that their one word of message to us should be the sublimation of the historical church idea and that they should find in a democratic Catholic church the solution of all our social and our personal problems. I was talking with Mr. Jones the other day; he said that this institution and the Congress of Religion stood for two ideas. The first one is fellowship, with all sorts and conditions of men—a fellowship that is distinctively wider than technical Christianity, bigger than Christianity, so far as Christianity has heretofore received any authoritative definition. The other idea is the comprehension of the social problems in their most difficult aspects. Here is a religious institution which proposes to take in anybody and everybody, and it is so adjusted in its interior instrumentalities that it dares tackle social problems. What do these two things mean developed? They mean comprehensiveness, they mean championship of intellectual and moral liberty. What is that but the university ideal? This church has to do with all social matters; what is that but to say that it comprehends the hard field of politics. So here we have these three instrumentalities that Mr. Powell has told us of; the school or the university on the one hand; politics, the state, on the other, and the church, third. The church is becoming the dominating factor; it has been prophesied of old that in the very nature of the church it should be so. The church through all its development has been driven along two lines of growth; on the one hand, what is called Protestantism, the other, Catholicism. Protestantism is but the spirit of the university, the all inclusiveness, the taking in of Jews, Turks and infidels. Catholicism is territorial jurisdiction, political supremacy. And so these two ideas are going to work themselves out in this institution. This is the first Protestant church that has existed since Luther's day; it was prophesied, and now it is; a church absolutely, completely Protestant, and realizing thus the spirit of the university. This is, or is striving to be, the first truly Catholic church that has thus far existed and been manifested among men; the first church that undertakes to get into society, to establish a standard in the midst of the parish, and to secure jurisdiction over the whole life of all the people. The Protestant Catholic church is beginning to be. I love to see the Congress of Religion take up the evangel of the Protestant Catholic church. What is it but the conception of the essential church idea? It is wider than any statement of Christianity that has hitherto been formulated. The church ideal is big enough for Japan, for China, for Russia, for all the world. The church idea is the essential democratic idea, and for two thousand years the church has been undertaking to breathe the democratic idea throughout the world. The giagntic struggle of our times is in this wrestle between imperialism on the one hand and the original re-stated church idea. The church against the empire is the issue of the generation which now has the stage of history. I recommend that the Congress of Religion which is celebrating its annual meeting here, should become the champion of this conception, that it propagate this idea which has been exemplified until it shall come to pass, as Mr. Nelson says, that such an institution shall exist in every country town between the two seas and in every ward of every city.

Mr. Jones then announced the program for the evening.

Social Reconstruction.

An Address by E. P. Powell, Delivered Before the Congress of Religion Wednesday, May 31, 1905.

From the earliest days society differentiated itself into state, church and school. Sometimes one of these dominated, sometimes another; but always these three have been vitally present, and more or less structurally—the trinity of human evolution. It is our interest to coöperate with all three, and whether we desire to do so or not we will coöperate. Not a man lives who is not a citizen of some State, the member of some Church, the pupil of some School. He pays to support some government with its laws, some church with its creed, some school with its teachers. Robert Inger-

soll was a church member just as much as Spurgeon. Theodore Parker, although outlawed by all sects, was working with them and they with him in creating an age of religious tolerance.

All these differentiations of social life have their periods and come to summaries when the columns are added, the crowns of gold are given by God and other crowns taken away that have been awarded by man. The present day is one of these roundups, when God is saying well done to past heroes, and is burying out of sight the cowards. Where today are the infinite doctors of divinity who dictated the catechisms of the nineteenth century? Channing and Parker alone of the New England theologians of one hundred years ago are today alive.

The age in which some of us have been actors established two things, individual freedom and federated States—equally important and essentially coexistent. It was not only necessary to declare each man free and equal to any other man by birth but it must be as strongly asserted that groups of man—that is, States—are equal. The cornerstone of our Declaration of Independence was personal equality; the cornerstone of our Constitution was State equality—no impost taxes between colonies or communities under the flag of the Republic. It followed that we must and would think out and fight out some subordinate concepts such as these: All women are born free and equal to any and all men; marriage cannot destroy liberty and create bondage; black men are not unequal by birthright to white men; dei gratia families are impossible in an age of equal people and equal States. Such ideas were met face to face, and old slavery, old sex snobbery and old nobilities met a Togo defeat.

In the church our history was not dissimilar. We began with a struggle for toleration. Not much else was asked for fifty years ago. The free thinker wanted merely a chance to think. But it was stoutly affirmed that reason was a foe to religion and anything like free thinking a crime against God. Fortunately we could still form a new sect, and we went on doing that until there were so many of them that some never got catalogued. But inside these little kirks we still had a chance to—preach. A few of us got a little farther, about 1860, and preached in the suburbs of the least-uniformed sects. It was dangerous business, but Swing and Thomas and a few more survived. By and by the spirit of toleration took us in more freely, and today the most notable rivalry is in tolerating independents. Presbyterianism held out longest, but it has at last lost its power to try heretics. I do not think Calvin would now burn Servetus—if permitted. It is not impossible that Cotton Mather and Roger Williams would exchange pulpits. We have been tolerating and getting tolerated until we have called in the heathen and titled them brothers.

In the school some of us remember very well the story of reform—which first took hold of method, and then of substance. In 1835 Asa Mahan was called to the presidency of a new institution to be located at Oberlin, Ohio—a collegiate school, in which blacks might be educated as fully as whites. He answered, I will accept if you will admit women on an equality with men. It was done for the first time in the United States. Already, however, President Jefferson's lieutenant, Woodward, had created the first State university, in Michigan, in which women could teach as well as men and in which a Catholic priest and a Presbyterian minister taught side by side for twenty years. Meanwhile Horace Mann had brought organization out of chaos in the common school system, meeting Jefferson's State universities half way. Women might now go beyond the district school and make herself the equal of man. In the '50s Darwin gave immense impetus to the spirit of investigation, and so inaugurated a system of education which should create not only wiser people but those better qualified to earn their butter and bread. This new education included economics and discussed man as an animal as well as a gentleman. The colleges still turned out ministers enough and too many lawyers and doctors, but a great many more business men and a few farmers. In a sane moment at Washington the agricultural college was created and the States established experiment stations. These were at first mere annexes of the classical colleges; but, founded on investigation and applied knowledge, they created a new atmosphere for higher education. This atmosphere of work and independent research has permeated all the universities.

This is a brief summary of what we had to do. Some of the incidents along the way were the killing of slavery; establishing the law of temperance (but not the practice), and the abolition of dueling. To establish the fact of human brotherhood and create a parliament of all religions for friendly discussion; to get our eyes opened to our own ignorance and the ignorance of Moses and Paul as well were other incidents. It was a busy age, and for some of us an age of unwelcome conflict. But we did our work and now there is a gathering of forces for another great stride ahead. Just now we seem to be passing through a brief and uneasy transition period, preparing for a new age of struggle, victory and progress—a struggle in which some of us old men mean to have a hand even if we do not share in the victory. These transition periods always occur between strident ages. They review the past, estimate drifts and measure forces.

Forecast is not always wise, but it is not seldom necessary. In the State we find a division of voters into two equal parties, completely described as two political machines. There is little difference between these parties, only that you cannot quite so easily mobilize the Democratic masses. The lump disintegrates and fragments act for themselves. I voted for William J. Bryan as representing individual freedom. I will do it again if I ever get a chance—unless God sends a better man. Bismarck told us democracy did not know how to manage municipalities. This we have got to learn, and it cannot be done by creating a legislative autocracy. We went so far on this line in 1901 that with ripper bills city governments were abolished and the power placed in the hands of partisan governors. The reaction which illustrates the new age of defiance and death to autocracy is seen in Governor Folk of Missouri, Jerome of New York and Mayor Dunne of Chicago. With the autocracy of the Legislature will go the power of the party boss.

Economically we are slaves. At any moment the manager of millions can dispose of our property as he will. A corporation can rush through my house with a shorter cut for a railroad—exploited for private advantage—even though I own stock in the road. Meanwhile my stock may be reduced, until I am a beggar, without power to resent. The story is worth recalling only to remind you that here, too, we edge a rebellion. We began our industrial autocracy when we created the first protective tariff—a tariff to foster one industry at the expense of others. We created a lobby that one hundred years could not get rid of, and now we have a nation educated to every man get all he can and the devil take the hindmost. If a murderer comes in with bloody bludgeon in one hand and tosses

a bloody purse in your lap, telling you to buy Bibles for God's poor, you are bound to take it—every time he comes. We are underpinning our universities, building our colleges, sending out missionaries, sustaining our churches, bottoming our charity and our religion on industrial autocracy of the Nero and Domitian sort. I do not care what you do with individual cases, what we need to understand is the system. The whole accursed dry rot of selfishness is eating the honor out of our folk. It is Russianism labled Democracy. It shuts the door of trade freedom—denies the right of every man to an equal chance. It spits on the Golden Rule and laughs at the man who fell among thieves—in Wall Street. All this also is worth telling only because the revolt is on hand. I do not care whether my friend Gladden's advice is a final word or not; I thank him for the tremendous blow he hit a *living* Goliath. I am equally proud of that young David who is having it out from the White House. I can use the words of another when I say "I am a Democrat, but I will do nothing to tie up the hands of President Roosevelt. He is doing his best to make the railroads do what he thinks is right. He may be wrong, but if he is he will find it out in time." I hold Mr. Roosevelt to be as good a President as we can stand at present. Our problems are largely new ones and belong to a new age. There will be as many blunders made as we made in handling slavery and religious bigotry; all the same the people will come out right in the end. There are some splendid men being hewed out by the God of nations, and Theodore Roosevelt is one of them.

Meanwhile a new sort of civic question has come upon us. The battle has begun to determine which is the better race, the Samurai Japanese, the imaginative and creative Saxon, the conservative and religious Jew, the expansive Russ, the phlegmatic Teuton—or shall we be willing to forget the "Yellow Peril," and the black peril, and, worst of all for most of the world, the white peril. Instead of leading civilization the European States are relegated to relative savagery, with their gross religious superstitions, their beastly morals and their incomparable ignorance all resting on "Dei gratia," supported by standing armies. The simplest interpretation of Europe today is Divine right resting on brute force—God in league with the devil. Other continents are emerging from darkness, inferior races are proving their equality, perhaps demonstrating their superiority in virtues as well as vigor. What is our national virtue? Have we any that dominates national character? Is it temperance? But we are a nation of drunkards. Is it honor? But our word is not as good as our bond. Whether we can hold our position at the head of civilization has yet to be demonstrated. When the nations of the East inquire of us, art thou the Republic of the future that shall shine over all the earth, or shall we look for another, must we point them to New Zealand and confess that we are unable to sustain our freedom against rotten legislation and selfish corporate interests? The time draws nigh, very nigh, for finding out.

I have hinted some of the changes that we shall surely bring about. There will be a decided stride toward social coöperation—call it socialism, if you choose. It will be of the same order as our public schools, and public highways, and public postoffices. It will include public control of all public utilities, including electrical tramways, telegraphs and telephones. It will include State coöperation beyond individual needs. It will give profits to profit makers. Our cities will be thinned out into a suburbanism that will make the whole country to blossom like a garden. Our old people will not be left to the chances of starvation, nor will newborn babes be allowed to breathe the darkness of cellars and the infested air of slums. Legal advice and medical advice, instead of impoverishing the common folly, will be rendered free, not only to our school children but to all classes, and be paid for from common taxation. Let the dead past bury its own dead. At the end of another era we shall have forgotten political and social judgment which measures rank and assigns position by the amount of pigment in the skin. It will no longer be thinkable that a man should sell his soul for a stingy office or his honor for watered stock. Tremendous as the work is which has been laid out for the immediate future, I believe that the achievement will be as magnificent as the work. I will not look backward. The world does move. The American people at heart are not hopelessly corrupt. Tucked away in the joints and armlets of society are the buds of a new and more beautiful blossoming and fruitage. You must have heard from Philadelphia and you remember that in spite of both machines last fall the people elected Governors Folk, La Follette and Douglas.

Turning to the churches we find that a majority of the country churches of New England and New England's children are closed, while two-thirds of those that survive are living on pink teas and rummage sales, with no more intent of saving the world than the world has to save them—just at present having little use for them as they are. Clinging to a thoroughly dessicated catechism, the church has made itself an intellectual burden and a foe to reason. It has alienated the beautiful from the true and left art to be as heathenish as logic. It has dealt even worse with goodness, denying the value of moral life and asserting the inherent supremacy of a sacrificial atonement. Our liberal churches are suffering from indigestion. They are broad because they stand for nothing. They have given up the old, but they do not know what they affirm. They are like Gough's dog that ate up his direction tag and neither he nor the trainmen could make out where he was going.

Even the Golden Rule has lost its popularity. The sorest comment on our morbid industrial spirit is the fact that David Harum is the one book which has been most sold and most read, and the Golden Rule of David Harum is, What others would do to you do you to them, and do it first—if you would be an up-to-date American. Is this really the principle of American business and the American church?

At forty every man is a physician or a fool, says the old proverb. At seventy I think every man is religious or a fool—I wish I could say a Christian or a fool, but just now it is impossible to tell who or what a Christian is. In this age nothing can be less important than to know the story of Goliath or of Jonah, or less religious than to believe the miraculous birth of Jesus. An ordinary birth is good enough for anybody—especially for saviors. Whether the universe was created in six days, or in seven, little concerns us if created at all; but it has come to be all important to know what Luther Burbank is creating and what Nelson is achieving—both for the salvation of man and therefore for the glory of God. Yet you find our college graduates do not know these latter things and they do not know how little they know of the former. If to be Christian means to be well informed concerning St. Paul's travels and to be ignorant of the Shasta daisy, the Burbank plum and the village Le Claire, then we can well afford to be heathen.

Christianity we have supposed was originally for the poor. Is our Christianity taught and practiced specifi-

cally for the common people? Christianity was originally for the free thinker, those who broke the ecclesiastical rules and trod on religious pride. Is this our Christianity? Has Christianity any claim to an aggressive frontage? Has Jesus finished his work? Can Christianity take hold with the School and the State to create moral purity and a progressive social life? Are the means used by the church as antique as the creed? A call for prayer for a worldwide revival has just failed of response. The result was only a few bonfires here and there. The intention was to repeat the eighteenth century enthusiasm. The result would have been as disastrous as a revival of eighteenth century school curriculums. An industrial age cannot be saved from selling itself to commercialism by going back to ecstacies instead of forward to a full and fearless consideration of new issues. We are not too industrial; but not industrial enough. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work," God is the industrial Chancellor of the ages. He started the world on the basis of gardening. Our salvation lies in honor for labor, labor for all—an absolute eradication of the idle increment—not in the exploitation of a laboring class. The sight of Hugh Price Hughes sighing for Roman Catholic politics in the Methodist church is a sign of the times. This does not mean more radicalism but Christian industrialism. He says, "If a man comes along full of the Holy Ghost of today, willing to lay down his life for humanity, he is scowled at, so that if he wishes to do his work he has to break loose from all the isms altogether."

This is not unlike the demand of Rev. Dr. Carter made the other day at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church. He declares there is no solution of the blockade in Christianizing America but to abolish the Westminster catechism altogether. Out with Calvinism and give us absolute freedom to know God in the light of the twentieth century. Bundle this whole medieval rubbish into the dust bin, and with the accumulated common sense of the ages undertake to apply the Golden Rule to everyday living. The man who sees God, humanity and the world in this day through the Apostles' Creed should have his eyes in the back of his head. Our fear of the past is a bogy to be gotten rid of. I believe we are getting rid of it. It is not essential that you or I shall help to galvanize into a semblance of life, notions of the universe, or of God, or of man, that do not rest upon investigation. Faith does not inherently mean credibility given to views, opinions or doctrines, but confidence in demonstrated truth. I am bound to have faith, not in supernatural being and books, but in the every day demonstrable facts of the living universe.

What we have to establish is faith in a living God —ever present and ever working Being—the God of Darwinism, not of Calvinism. God in the twentieth century is the sublimest of facts and easiest of possibilities. If you insist in nosing about the first century of the Christ or the Buddha you will get only grave clothes and faith in miracles; none in the breathing God. I do not care whether Jesus' work is done or not—I know God's is not.

The church of the future will be a town affair and in the city a ward affair. It will be the people of a locality, all of them organized for the common good. It will be closely identified with the school, and I think all services will be, before long, in the school buildings. Here also will be the balloting, and in this way the divorce of religion, politics and education will be closed. The real pastor of the town will be the school superintendent. Churches must be placed on a business basis and pay their own way by legitimate effort instead of by mendicancy. The creed must be governed by vote and amenable to constant change; an annual revision is as essential as an annual revision of the budget.

I believe that the whole subject so far as it bears on the churches is admirably summed up in a recent lecture by an eminent clergyman. He says: "There are three great spirits at work creating the world that is and is to be; the spirit of scientific investigation that will know nothing but the truth; the spirit of democratic revolution, which will trust no one but the people; the spirit of social evolution, which will call no man common or unclean. If the churches wish for influence in the world that is and is to be they must master these three spirits and make them their own—the churches must become scientific, democratic and socialistic. If they do the churches will merge into the church, and after that the church will not remain separated from the state nor the state from the church, but these two will be one."

Turning to the School we find that, in spite of all the progress made, we are left with a chaos of purpose in education, while the modern graduate does not feel that the chief end of life is to ennoble himself or advance the world. The intent of modern education is divided between a command of knowledge as culture and the power to apply knowledge to bread winning.

Libraries and colleges are sowed about the land by millionaires. The fact is not hid that these endowments are dragon's teeth in the inception. What kind of young men and young women, what kind of ministers and lawyers these teeth will make I leave you to judge. A man who directs a billion dollars cannot be the equal of a manual toiler at the table, at the polls or in the pews. Our college athletics, an extraneous affair outside the curriculum, is holding together institutions whose aim and purpose has gone adrift. Abolish athletics and half the colleges in the land would close next year.

We know very well that a great upheaval is at hand. Our whole school system is rapidly being industrialized. It is the salvation of not only Booker Washington's negroes but of all classes and grades of white children. The town graded school is displacing the little district schoolhouses with immensely greater advantages. These better equipped schoolhouses are going to be placed in large areas of land, where the hands can be educated as well as the head. Half a day will be given to books indoors, and the other half to applied studies out of doors. Instead of cramping our children into patent seats during six or eight hours of each day, without permission to communicate with each other, we shall encourage the most complete natural development of body and mind together, and we shall understand that the art of expression cannot be safely suppressed. Meanwhile the school buildings will become the centers of social life, where adults as well as children will be educated all their years. Lectures, concerts, night schools, amusements, and I think finally religious services will be centered at the schoolhouse. Let the dead past bury its own dead, while the living grow finer gardens in the humus of decay. "Roll up your old Oxford gowns and make pillows for the past to sleep on." The teacher of the future will be educated to do, to investigate, and will be charged with enthusiasm rather than routine. In some of our States already these guides of the young are compelled to study in the garden and field, with note book as well as with hoe and trowel.

What I have desired to emphasize is the fact that we cannot expect to retain the old or to see the work of

God and man carried on in familiar ways. Change is always going on, but just now we are facing a revolution in state, in church and in school. We must meet it as men—that is, as children of God—with faith and not with fear, or with cowardly efforts to block the progress of investigation and application. Looked at from every standpoint, social organization will be more complete and the harmony of Church, State and School will be achieved. A larger degree of co-operation will be infused into American life. Socialism is the cry of the sore heart and of a tired brain—it does not belong simply to the tired muscles. We cannot go on with our present system that gives the sharp brain the school training and the church baptism and the state ballot, making it able to absorb all the natural rights of the community. Tinkering with our troubles will do little good; we must organize for positive and aggressive rightness. Hoe your corn and the weeds will die.

THE STUDY TABLE.

NOTES.

The most glorious novel that I have read since Lorna Doone, is Jorn Uhl, by Gustave Frenssen. The author of this remarkable work, just published by Dana Estes & Co., of Boston, was born in a little village of north Germany. He became a student of theology, and held a pastorate of a small Lutheran church in Holstein. It is no wonder that this book of his has taken Germany by storm. Every page of it compels me to say, over and over again, It is worth a whole library of our ordinary novels. It is fully equal to Freytag's "Lost Manuscript," and in many ways far superior. It is remarkable for its simplicity of description, and yet exquisite beauty in every direction. Its touches of human nature are fully equal to its descriptions of physical nature. He far surpasses Balzac in his truth of detail and grasp of every day life. He is fully the equal of Scott where he touches the romance of life. In fact here we have a new master. His pages everywhere glitter with gems like this, "Among the bushes there was a feeling as of buds longing to break forth into leaf and blossom." His hero is not specifically heroic, but just a noble man in every sense of the word. But I can do nothing better for the readers of UNITY than to say, You have got here something well worth the while.

From Macmillan Co. I have received "Primitive Traits in Religious Revivals," by Frederic Morgan Davenport—a book very much needed. The author undertakes to interpret revivals from a scientific standpoint. Clearly here is a minister who is after the truth. He is not out of sympathy with social life, as distinct from individual, but he throws a searchlight on to those social movements which are heated, unwholesome, and destructive. He would put any such thing as a religious awakening, under rational control. The result must be, so far as Mr. Davenport can reach, to put common sense at the front, and prevent the farther use of methods in church development that are increasing the nervous instability of our race. The negro can stand a hot revival, civilized white people cannot. We all of us know that the forcing in our schools is proving ruinous to the young people, but if this excitement is added to, and this strain made more intense by the church, we are on the road to rapid degeneration. I cannot undertake anything like a review of Mr. Davenport's work. He brings us face to face with the fact that the church is assuming certain phenomena to be directly from God, while honest investigators are inclined to attribute the same phenomena directly to the devil. We have come to a time when we must totally differentiate physical contortions, and extravagant mental explosions from spiritual life and expression. I may say that I am amazed at the book—at its honesty, its thoroughness, —while coming from an orthodox minister, and an honored professor in an orthodox college. He has pointed out a way very similar to that of Bushnell in "Christian Nurture." He does not hesitate to say that the modern church must interpret God to men, not as being alienated from humanity (until the blood of the Cross led him to kindlier feelings), but as a Father, expressing himself in Jesus as full of right feeling, and disposed to help every frail human being upward and homeward. Well, this book fairly marks the completion of the conversion of the thinking American clergy to the religion of science. The rest of the clergy, and laymen as well, have got to follow.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I have Man and the Incarnation, by Samuel J. Andrews. It is dedicated to "those Christians who trust in the Incarnate Son of God as their Savior; but who are troubled and fearful as they see the anti-Christian tendencies around them." In the Introduction he tells us over again that the book is written for those people who believe that Jesus Christ is the Incarnate Son of God—very God and very Man. To those who deny the Personality of God, or the Trinity, or the Incarnation, he has nothing to say —unless they will be persuaded of their sin. He is not satisfied with God as the Father: in fact feels entirely lost in such company. He wants Jesus to pacify the Father, and somehow patch up the breach—made before he was born. Of course he does not wish for any higher criticism or any sort of criticism of the Bible—but thinks he can stand it if he can only hold up the Trinity. It is an interesting position which these apologists occupy.

From Charles Scribner's Sons I have H. G. Wells' last book, "A Modern Utopia." I have not had time to study this book carefully, but have read enough to compel me to say, What a pity that Mr. Wells cannot and will not think things *through,* before he tosses off his unfinished conceptions and discussions to a world of readers. In his preface he acknowledges that his work is constantly being outgrown by himself. If he would take his four or five books and thoroughly redigest them, he could give us some of the best work, of a sociological sort, that we have had for a long while. However, I take it that good readers will have to digest Mr. Wells for themselves. Perhaps it is better that this is so.

A scholarly production is that of Prof. Macfarland, called "Jesus and the Prophets," and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is a study of Jesus' method of preaching—his use of the Hebrew Scriptures, and his interpretation of them. With this book comes "The Corrected English New Testament." This is a revision of the authorized version prepared by Samuel Lloyd, with the assistance of eminent scholars. The object is to "popularize without demeaning" the Bible —at the same time correcting the blunders of the common version. I should say that Mr. Lloyd had done a very decided service for those who are studying or wish to study the New Testament.

From Funk & Wagnalls I received a book which I was inclined to toss aside without examination. It is

called The Travelers' Handbook for Trans-Atlantic Tourists. I have so little respect for this professional touring, and tourists—a new sort of people, vastly increasing in numbers, but superficial in their observation and information—that I expected nothing of this book. However, it really is a very interesting little volume—to read at home, or to use when abroad. It is full of common sense.

Clarence Lathbury has written two or three very good books, but none of them as good as The Balanced Life, published by The Nunc Licet press of Philadelphia. Although this book is what we call New Church in its basic doctrine, it is a good deal more than New Church; it is simple, natural, helpful and spiritual. It is chock-full of religious common sense. In one place he tells us "The faculties must march abreast if life is to make its requisite music. Life is not wisdom alone; it is also affection, and to do good service, both must be based in sound sweet flesh." I think the book will do you good.

I have called attention already to Prof. Davenport's "Primitive Traits in Religious Revivals." I have not said half enough in its favor. He says "The influence of partial hypnotism is always at work in the crowd, which is laboring under the pressure of great religious excitement. The element of full consciousness is present, but is feeble. Sometimes the power of subtle suggestion emanates from the skillful preacher. Sometimes there is self-hypnotization, as the result of prolonged concentration of mind. Whatever the form, it will never fail to do its work upon those impressionable persons, in every audience, whose powers of reason and volition are normally undeveloped." The book is published by Macmillan Co.

G. P. Putnam is publishing a series of biographies of Protestant Reformers. The seventh in the list, just issued, is the Memoir of John Knox, called the Hero of the Scottish Reformation—a great man, but as mean as he was great. He was a worse persecutor than John Calvin, and thoroughly tyrannical in his spirit. But the worst feature of the man was his readiness to bring about a hate between Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary. His subtle letter to the former, dated August 6, 1561, was mainly accountable for the arrest and death of Mary. The letter is full of piety and equally full of cunning and lying. The book is fairly just in its estimates of most of the characters brought under consideration.

In the June *Atlantic* John Burroughs leads the way with a criticism on Darwinism. He says many good things, but I imagine that the best friends of Mr. Burroughs wish he would stick to quiet descriptions of nature. As a critic he is tart; and—yes, narrow. There is a capital article on Federal Rate Regulation; and a good one on Village Improvement, by Frederick Law Olmstead, Jr. Still we like best an article by George W. Alger on Generosity and Corruption.

I have one more novel that I can strongly commend. It is "The Gift of the Morning Star," by Armistead C. Gordon, and published by Funk & Wagnalls Co. The lesson of this book is admirable, as well as the literary work. It has been wrought out carefully, and is by no means a book ground through the mill, simply to be sold for cash returns. The nearness to Nature,—physical nature as well as human life—all through the book, is remarkable. I think I could read the book through again with keen pleasure.

"Life's Dark Problems," by Minot J. Savage, lies before us, and like all of Mr. Savage's books is exceedingly readable. There is one thing to be said of his work, that it is very wholesome, and never out of reach of the crowd that is not trained to careful logical thinking. He rarely solves the problem; but he helps others on their way to the solution of their life puzzles. He is always an upward looker. The book is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Gift of the Morning Star is a delightful story, published by Funk & Wagnalls. It is so VERY good that I shall place it in my list of books to be re-read.

"Outing" is making a struggle, not only to become less of a sporting magazine, but to comprehend fully the new age of country home-making; and to stand at the front as the true nature magazine. I shall open for them a Country Home Department in July, and shall welcome all my friends as readers.

E. P. POWELL.

A vivid picture of the self-tormenting of one who has sold his noblest spiritual convictions for material peace and prosperity, and has exchanged his freedom of soul and his inner-faith for the symbols and creeds of the world about him—symbols which he knows to be false—is portrayed vividly in Mr. Israel Zangwill's "The Diary of a Meshumad," which is appearing in *The Jewish American*—the story of a Russian Jew, who has abjured his faith to accept the pagan mockery of Greek Christianity:

> "And yet what had I to do with these childish superstitions? I whose race preached the great doctrine of the Unity to a world sunk in vice and superstition; whose childish lips were taught to utter the *Shemang* as soon as they could form the syllables; who *know* that the Christian creed is a monstrous delusion! To think that I have lent the sanction of my manhood to these grotesque beliefs."

With the pathos there is a touch of universality:

> "And then the choir sang, and under the music I grew calm again. After all, religions were made for men. And this one was just fitted for the simple muzhiks who dotted the benches with their stupid, good-natured figures. They must have their gold-bedecked gods in painting and image; and their saints in gold brocade to kneel before at all hours, to solace themselves with visions of a brocaded Paradise."

There is a ground work of racial pride, and a place for the claims of race, which perhaps has not a great appeal to the Gentile consciousness:

> "My whole life has been shuffled through under false colors. Even if I shared few of the Jewish beliefs, it should have been my duty—and my proud duty—to proclaim myself of the race."

But nevertheless the chief emphasis is upon the broken loyalty to ideals of truth, to the inner vision, upon the evil of conformity to thoughts and symbols that are alien to the soul's experience. There is a parable for Gentile as well as Jew in Mr. Zangwill's masterful narrative, a veiled reproach to the man with the forward-looking soul, the God-given vision, who sells himself to the devil of conformity for the price of peace and good-will.

R. P. D.

Spring.

A color stands abroad
  On solitary hills
That science cannot overtake,
  But human nature *feels*.

It waits upon the lawn;
  It shows the furthest tree
Upon the furthest slope we know;
  It almost speaks to me.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Give us to awake with smiles, give us to labor smiling ....As the sun lightens the world, so let our loving kindness make bright this house of our habitation.

MON.—A fault known is a fault cured to the strong; but to the weak it is a fetter riveted.

TUES.—And methought that beauty and terror are only one, not two
And the world has room for love, and death, and thunder, and dew;
And all the sinews of hell slumber in summer air;
And the face of God is a rock, but the face of the rock is fair.

WED.—Doubtless the world is quite right in a million ways; but you have to be kicked about a little to convince you of the fact.

THURS.—A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note.

FRI.—Our affections and beliefs are wiser than we; the best that is in us is better than we can understand.

SAT.—Whatever you do, read something else besides novels and newspapers. The first are good enough when they are good, the second at their best are worth nothing. Read good books of literature and history; try to understand the Roman Empire and the Middle ages, be sure you do not understand when you dislike them; condemnation is non-comprehension.
—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

The Hand.

Egyptian pyramids, what vast extent
And durability are therein blent,
Of height stupendous, and amazing base,
They stand in sullen grandeur on the face
Of the green earth—laugh at each paltry cause
That ruins nations and overthrows their laws;
Mock at the ruins of a prostrate world,
Nor heed the darts that time has at them hurled;
Outline the glory of their mother state,
And scorn the power of the "vulgar great,"
Whence sprang this massive wonder of all lands?
From hosts of wondrous wonder-working *Hands.*
—*Gail Hamilton.*

Indian Lace-Making.

"If you had told me a dozen years ago," Miss Sibyl Carter said recently to a friend, "that I was going into the Indian country to start lace schools, that I should have seven of them on my hands within a year, that Indian women would be making lace that was selling to the richest women of the country on its own merits, and that Queen Victoria would be returning us her thanks for a magnificent piece of lace made by a squaw, I should have laughed."

Miss Carter laughs still, but it is with gratification and thankfulness instead of incredulity. In 1891 she was talking with an Indian girl who had attended an Eastern school, and she asked her what she had been doing since returning to the reservation. "Nothing!" was the sullen reply. At Miss Carter's impulsive rebuke, the girl flashed out: "Work? work? What work could I do? I live in the woods!" What, indeed, could the women do, those poor squaws, to raise themselves in their own eyes and in the respect of the world?

Miss Carter pondered the question, and finally she gathered twelve Minnesota squaws together and taught them to make pillow lace—"the only thing," Miss Carter confessed, "which I knew how to do with my own hands." When she saw the intense eagerness of these women to acquire some means of self-support, their facility in learning, and their innate artistic sense, she told Bishop Whipple, who had been her steady encourager in the work, that she must have $3,000 at once, that she would take a month to raise it, and that she would then go to Florida to rest. Within a week she telegraphed him: "Three thousand dollars in the bank; leave on nine o'clock train for Florida." Her enthusiasm and dispatch were worthy of her great-great-grandfather, Samuel Adams.

Then Miss Carter took her three thousand dollars and spent it. It went like water; but how much she did with it! She founded six lace schools in Minnesota. She had to patch up an old log cabin and make it habitable for her teachers, and then had to teach them the lace-making. Her missionary work seemed to begin where that of others left off. It begins with the people who have been left out—the Indian mothers. Other people have taken the boy and the girl and put them to school, but have left the old woman on the reservation—forgotten or ignored her entirely. Their eagerness is pathetic. Women carrying babies upon their backs have walked thirty-six miles to beg for a lesson, and then after taking it have walked the thirty-six miles back. Miss Carter went ninety miles herself through a trackless forest in response to a touching appeal for a school, and there in the dense woods found forty-five women gathered to take a lesson.

Since Miss Carter began her home industries among the Minnesota women thirteen years ago there has been a wonderful change among them. What has done it? Just old-fashioned work, with wages promptly paid. One of these Indian mothers took her own girls when they came back to the reservation from the government schools and taught them lace-making. The girls, instead of finding their mother in the miserable tepee where they had left her, found her in a neat cabin, in a rocking chair, working at a piece of lace at $10 a yard; and they were forced to look up to her, and learned from here what the Eastern school had not taught them. And the men would come in and say: "How nice it is; mother teach daughters."

The lace is of two kinds, that made on pillows, after the Venetian designs which Miss Carter chooses and imports for them, and the Renaissance lace, done with the needle, which they work exquisitely. It is she who collects the money needed, selects and instructs all teachers, and then sells all the lace. Her strong, brilliant face beams with the joy of it. The prevalent phrase, "the dirty squaw," is never used by a person who has seen the exquisite whiteness of their handiwork, no piece of which ever needs laundering before selling. Can many white Americans say that of their own embroidery and drawn work?

Miss Carter's lace schools, or, rather, cottage industries, now number six hundred Indian women workers in Minnesota and the adjoining states; and in addition she has recently established a school in Honolulu and one in Italy itself. The teacher who undertook the latter school declares humorously that her Florentine pupils are almost as quick to learn as the Indians! Both of these foreign teachers were taught by Miss Carter in her own house. She has been awarded two magnificent gold medals for exhibition of the Indian women's work—one by the Pan-American and the other by the Paris Exposition.—*Lucy Elliot Keeler in the Advocate and Guardsman.*

Only the man who respects himself can be a gentleman, and no gentleman will willingly annoy, torment, or injure another. —*George William Curtis.*

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THE FIELD.

'The World is my Country to do good is my Religion.''

Foreign Notes.

SOME COMPARATIVE STATISTICS.—The *Guardian* says that during the twenty-five years between 1855 and 1880, in wars in Asia, Africa, Europe and America, 2,188,000 men were slain. The waging of these wars cost 2,625 million pounds sterling. That expense was spread over many nations. But it is computed that in Great Britain alone, during the twenty-five years just elapsed, "drink" has slain at least 1,500,000 persons. And in that period this one nation has spent on drink a good deal more than three thousand million pounds sterling! We commend these figures to the good sense of our countrymen.

Writing before the great naval battle in the Sea of Japan, the *Indian Messenger* says: According to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Matin* the following is an estimate of the Russian losses in men only during the last 14 months:

The official figures give a total of 162,000 men killed, wounded or taken prisoners in the engagements preceding the battle of Mukden. At Mukden 173,000 men were killed or placed *hors de combat*. This added to the 1,700 sick per month makes an approximate general total of 435,000.

So it is clear that the Russians have lost up to the present time about 500,000 only. But this loss, terrible as it is, sinks into insignificance when compared side by side with what India has suffered. In ten years India has suffered a loss of about 20,000,000 of men from a more horrible and at the same time a painfully slower death. But what power has ever been found to get uneasy at the appalling death roll of about 2,000,000 a year?

This pertinent reference to India's frightful famine losses is apropos of the anxious and repeated efforts of the great powers to end the carnage in the Far East.

Taking another line of comparison referring supposably to the recently completed Simplon tunnel, the *Signal de Genève* applies as follows certain statements given in *L'Européen:*

We recently published the terribly eloquent figures concerning the Russo-Japanese war involving a Russian expenditure of five milliards three hundred millions.

Here we offer some more comforting statistics, relating not to a work of death but of life.

In this work there were 350,000 mechanical borings representing a total length of 460 kilometres. To these must be added 100,000 borings by hand. For the former 1,980,000 mechanical drills were used; for the latter, 23,950,000 cold chisels.

Furthermore, the total amount of dynamite employed was 1,432,000 kilos, plus 4,000,000 percussion caps and 5,300 kilometres of fuse. The tunnel has poured out, from September 30, 1901, to the final piercing, 86,400 cubic metres per day, or a total of 105,500,000 cubic metres, which would represent a river 104 kilometres long by 100 metres broad and 100 metres deep. This last statement will be understood when it is remembered that both hot and cold springs of tremendous power were struck in the construction of the tunnel and that a very large zone of the mountain was found to be almost a liquid mass, "a sort of pliable chalk," as one writer expresses it.

Yet the battle of Mukden cost more than the tunnel.

Poetry is not supposed to fall within the foreign editor's province but perhaps the following, taken from *New India,* may not seem out of place among the foreign notes:

INDIA'S GREETING TO THE JAPANESE HEROES.

(By Sarojini Naiden.)

Flower of an heroic seed
In the far-off ages sown!
Glory of an epic race,
Record of whose splendid deed
Time nor memory shall efface!
Hail to you, who strive and smite,
For your freedom, for your right.
But you do not fight alone,
For we battle at your side,
With you struggle, with you share
All your courage and your pride,
All your triumph and despair.
With your sorrows we are bound,
With your victories we are crowned,
And your freedom won, shall be
Promise of our liberty.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.—Turning away from war problems I note an interesting biographical item in the *Christian Life:*

Mrs. Luke, the aged authoress of the popular hymn, "I think when I read that sweet story of old," is to receive a pleasant tribute to her admirable services to Sunday schools. It is proposed to restore Fulwood Congregational Chapel, and the parsonage at Staplehay, so closely associated with Mrs. Luke's childhood. Sunday schools are to be asked to take part in raising the necessary funds. It was at the school connected with Fulwood chapel that the well-known hymn was first sung, and while residing at Poundsford Park, Mrs. Luke and her father, Mr. Thompson, established juvenile missionary societies in connection with Sunday schools, by means of which the sum of upwards of £2,000,000 has been collected. M. E. H.

Correspondence.

From the Holy Land.

From Beirut, Syria, in a letter written by Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, professor of Semitic languages at Cornell University, comes an interesting description of the American College at Beirut, an institution, which in its broad universality of spirit and its cosmopolitan sympathies, may well be a model to many of our own colleges of narrower horizon and less catholicity. Professor Schmidt writes:

"I was about to speak of one of the most interesting institutions on Syrian soil, too little known at home, viz., the American College at Beirut, officially known as the Syrian Protestant College. Its buildings are impressive, and the situation most inspiring and beautiful. From the campus one has a fine view of the Syrian coast beyond Gebel, the ancient Byblos, to Botrua. The Mediterranean lies in front and the city of Beirut to the north below the college. But more important than its home is its character. Here are 754 students, nearly 100 of whom are Jews, over 100 Mohammedans, 300 Greek Catholics, some Armenians, and some Syrian Protestants. The college is absolutely non-sectarian. It tolerates no proselytism. The president, Dr. Howard Bliss, son of the founder, Dr. Daniel Bliss, who for over fifty years shaped the institution, is a comparatively young man, who himself has been successful in leading it into more liberal ways. He was for a number of years Dr. Abbot's assistant at Plymouth Church. Here he has a magnificent field. I have greatly admired the manner in which this non-sectarian institution is conducted. There is a fine religious atmosphere. At the same time the desire to be religiously helpful without ever offending a brother Muslim, or brother Jew, or brother Catholic, or allowing him to be offended, has created new and simpler channels for the expression of common moral and religious counsel. The influence upon Syrian life of this college and its ideals, so similar to our own, has been exceedingly helpful. I wish Dr. Bliss could be one of the speakers at the Congress. When I first looked out on the Phœnician coast from his house some months ago, he pointed out to me, with the reverence with which I have had some sacred spot in this land indicated to me, the place where Ernest Renan spent so much of his time in Syria with his sister, and where he wrote his Life of Jesus."

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